

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

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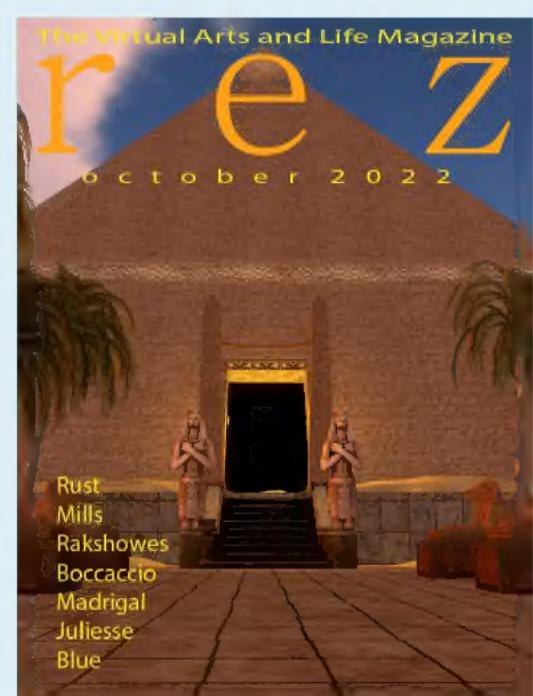


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read *rez Magazine* online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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- **The Ugly Beautiful** Merope Madrigal exposes the ugly, but ultimately her brush drips hope.
- **The Blue Man in the High Castle** Art Blue is the only blue man we'd ever trust. He paints with numbers to great effect.
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About the Cover: Chrissy Rhiano, with the help of her partner, Cassie Parker, have created one of the most enchanting builds ever. The magnificence of the pyramid is just the tip of the iceberg at Queen of the Nile, a must-see area within TerpsiCorps Isle.



“To burn with desire and
keep quiet about it is the
greatest punishment we
can bring on ourselves.”

Federico Garcia Lorca



Queen of the Nile

Story and Photography by Jami Mills



The Great Pyramid of Giza is the largest of all the pyramids of Egypt. Imagine happening upon it in sandy desert, bereft of greenery save for the occasional cypress or jacaranda. Measuring 481 feet (146m) in height, with a base of 757 feet, it looms. Primarily made of limestone, it rises at a 51-degree angle. It's hot and arid there. Just like the locals like it. Count back about 4,600 years and you might just hear the groans of its construction. But the Great Pyramid of Giza has nothing on the Queen of the Nile.

Queen of the Nile is a dominant feature on the TerpsiCorps Isle sim. Chrissy Rhiano and her partner, Cassie Parker, can share the credit for all of the wonderful aspects of the entire sim, and this magnificent build in particular, although Cassie will demur and say that Chrissy did all the hard work of designing and building. Cassie would sit to the side and observe, "I think you missed a spot."

Cassie volunteered, "*Chrissy is solely responsible for the aesthetic. Occasionally, she seeks input and when pushed I offer my opinions, but her instincts and her taste are impeccable.*" Building began in 2019, and after a month of hard work, it opened to the public on August 3, 2019. Cassie noted, "It was a momentous occasion that was very

well attended, which added to the excitement of the evening. I remember looking around the venue and marveling at the beauty and detail of the work. Already, even before the subsequent additions, the structure was imposing and awe inspiring."



Regarding Chrissy's other exploits, Cassie elaborated: "*I'm aware of only a few of her other major builds prior to the time we met in December 2015. I visited Winds of the Sahara, the theatre she created and ran just prior to our founding TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, but I*

know there were at least a half dozen major builds prior to that theater. Of course, she created all of TerpsiCorps Isle – the main promenade with the galleries and theaters that serves as the center of our artistic work on the sim and of course the intricate party



venues for our weekly Asylum parties. Those have included an enormously detailed Roman village she named Cassiopeia, a very large turn of the 20th century New York city build complete with a subway and elevated train, a city park, a number of

Victorian era homes and shops and a hidden speakeasy with a secret entrance. Many or most of those builds are kept in rez boxes until they're brought to life the day or two before an Asylum party."

When you first arrive at the desert venue, you're struck by the scale of the main pyramid. Statues guard the entrance, some standing, some reclining. And be careful, because there is a magnificent lion, very much alive, that you'd be advised to make friends with when you approach the main entrance. Two Ukrainian flags flank the stone steps up to the entrance. I very much like that touch. *"As I mentioned before, Chrissy is an astute student of the ancient world. She has a thorough knowledge of the period. While Queen of the Nile is not based on a specific Pyramid, I feel it is fairly representational of era,"* remarked Cassie.

It's pitch black as you enter. Then giant bird-men statues on each side come into view. And then the breathtaking expanse of the main chamber bursts into view – a huge area where royalty and slaves alike cavort until the wee hours when you're lucky and there's a party going on. You can almost smell the incense burning and the muskiness of the air. Fires in cauldrons surround the main entertainment area, and hieroglyphics





are carved into the stone walls and columns. A throne on the opposite wall tells you that Nefertiti herself may have presided here. In fact, two identical busts of Nefertiti (copies of the one in Berlin) are on each side of the throne (even her left eye is missing). Cassie, who DJs the parties at Queen of the Nile, might be spinning *Dance Like an Egyptian* to complete the mood. Venture off to either doorway on the sides of the great chamber and you'll sneak down darkened stairways into the side

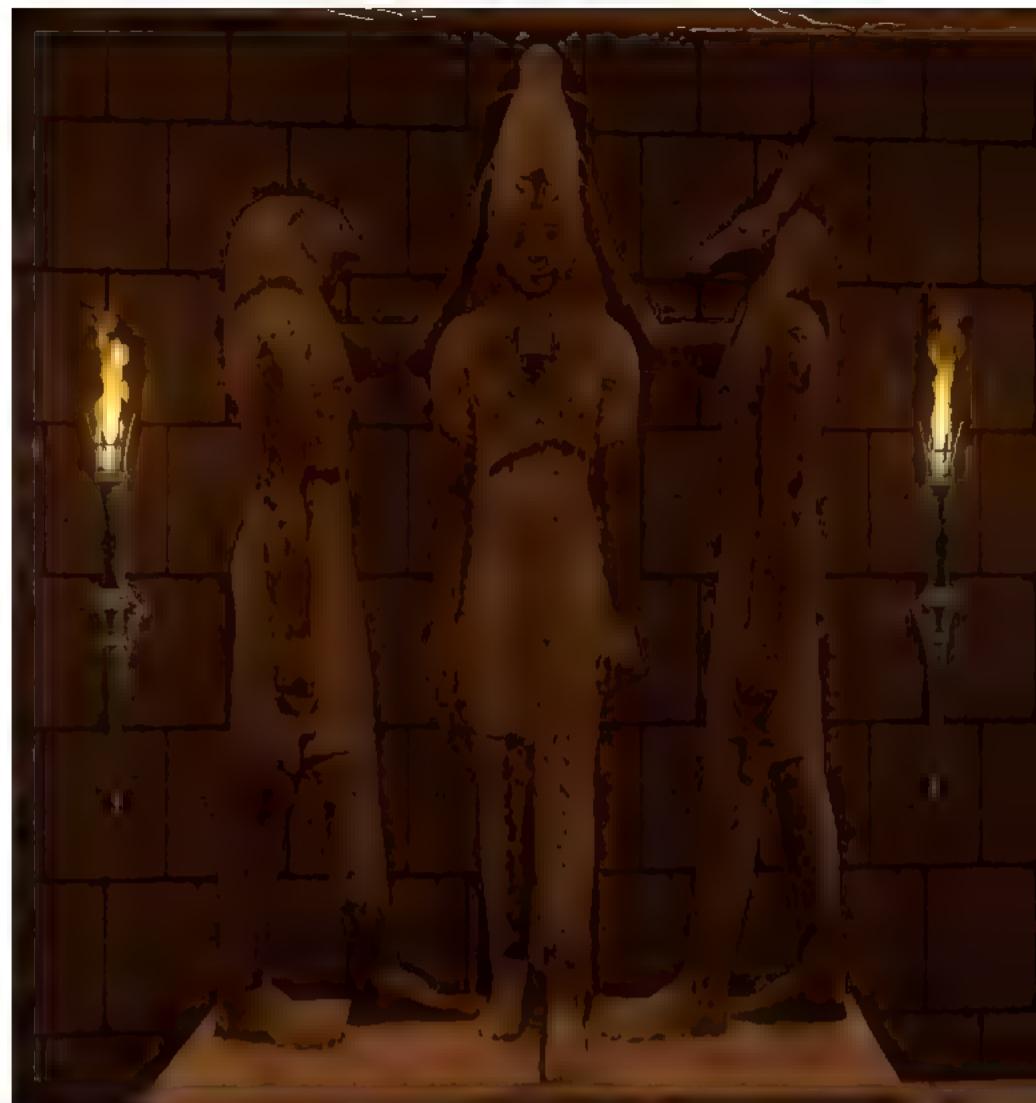
chambers.

Cassie mentioned, “*Originally Chrissy had planned an Egyptian-themed build to be used in rotation with a number of other Asylum themes ... and you know there are a number of very unique spectacular builds – Oz, Neverland, Wonderland, The Land Before Time, Tune Town. . . the list goes on and on. At the same time, I had wanted an intimate and cozy club where I could DJ and where people could drop in at any time of the day and relax to music.*



Music is an integral part of TerpsiCorps ARTWerks where my stream runs 24 hours a day. Along the way, those two objectives merged into one, and while Queen of the Nile is far from intimate, it has a very distinctive vibe that makes it an interesting gathering place. Once I saw the structure, it became clear to me that the build should be a permanent part of TerpsiCorps Isle.”

On the right side is a bathing chamber with two royal baths. Torches on the stone walls provide a nice ambience.











On the left side you can meander down pitch black hallways until you arrive at the Tomb Room. It's spooky and dark and there is a sarcophagus opened and a somewhat threatening mummy is standing and staring back at you. He seems harmless enough, though. Have fun and explore. Be sure to touch the walls around you because there are secret entrances to other rooms, some of which are of an adult nature. Said Cassie, “*Well, she does have a marvelous sense of adventure and a bit of a quirky mind. That all adds to the fun of this magnificent build!*”

Outside the main pyramid you'll see a somewhat nondescript entrance. Travel

down, down, down through the catacombs, past some beautiful carvings and statues, and you'll find an enchanting room with a large pool filled with brilliantly colored fish, the water being replenished by two slaves. This must be reserved for royalty because it reeks of luxury. Find the secret entrance and you'll open into another room with two pools filled with alligators. An empty throne flanked by two great cats is inviting, but keep exploring.

The real exploring all took place inside Chrissy's head. Cassie remarked, “*Like everything at TerpsiCorps ARTWerks, all of the builds on the Isle spring from*



the imagination of Chrissy Rhiano. Chrissy has a deep interest in the ancient world and a broad base of knowledge about Egypt, Greece, and Rome. I think that while she looks for authenticity, she's also interested in the practicality of bringing a slightly quirky modern aesthetic to everything she does. I may be completely wrong, but that has been my observation over several years now."

Fumble in the darkness and you'll eventually arrive at the royal bedroom, surrounded by magnificent statues of half-naked priestesses and beautifully anointed limestone columns. There are numerous rugs and pillow strewn

about, making one wonder if this might also serve as an orgy room.

Chrissy Rhiano and Cassie Parker should be congratulated for a truly awe-inspiring build. The sim is open to the public and I encourage everyone to spend an afternoon wandering around TerpsiCorps Isle. And be sure to come see the wonderful dance programs (the best on the grid, in my opinion) at one of the several theaters on the sim. We can't wait for what's next from this truly dynamic duo.

• r — e — z •



Jullianna Juliesse

Nothing Stands Between



ween Me and the Flame

Bobbin lace and chiffon,
I am not made
of your sturdy cloth.
Gauze moth,
tangled in your lampshade,
fluttering to the fiery bulb.
Fixed on the loom,
bred to serve your needs.
I bruise easily.
Familiar fingers reach for me,
some veined, others calloused,
dimpled baby hands.
They all need something.
A blanket, a shroud,
dark drapes to obscure the sun.
I push them away.

The

by Merop

This is an awful
time to need to mourn.

This virus does so much
to make us all suffer.
Physically, through
illness.

Emotionally, through
and uncertainty.

Mentally, through
us where we least expect.

Society has been left
torn and bleeding,
alone, behind doors
and barriers only made
more visible because we have

*My cool uncle died,
from heart break
because my aunt died, too;
less than six weeks before.
I guess Larry was waiting
for her call to join her.
May you both rest in peace.*

Ugly Beautiful

One Madrigal

so much time locked
on the other side.

When you live in darkness
the light is painful and hard to look at.
But wait! Adjust your view
and you can see much more
clearly now that our masks are off.

No pretty hair;
our nails are ragged,
chipped and grown out;
our legs have become au naturel,
the follicles sprouting,
and out of control. Look!
Humanity is plain, and oddly
beautiful in its nudity.

These days have ripped away the truth and makes them hollow. I can see how hollow we feel when our facades start to crumble as we start to lose ourselves on the falsehood of things and stare truth in the face.

Ugly Beautiful

People are selfish and self-centered if left without the bonds of conformity. Left to their own devices, cruelty reigns. A bird trapped in a cage and once free, sets its lights fires, and changes its feathers from our neighbor's window to his windows, burns his neighbor's window.

e exposed the ugly;
e gloss that blurs
e twisted straight.
ow we are
slip down, unguarded,
our grip
f appearances,
he face.

and vicious
buffer
t to our own
tattles the rickety
e, fires bullets,
okes the life
ur, breaks
s his life down



I am unkind in this art.
I paint with broad strokes
and cover the fine with the rough.
But my brush drips hope even as it
colours everything the same.
You see, appearances are deceiving until,
we see that everything looks the same.

The Blu





The Man in the High Castle

Art Blue

(Image generated by Art Blue with
midjourney AI based on the text "The
Blue Man in the High Castle")

It took me quite some time to put it all into the box. The box is now filled. All the data that have been in the cloud is now packed, sorted and, most importantly, weighed. The weight values of data give them meaning and where there is no meaning, meaning must be found. That is reinforcement learning for. I want to meet Dali, the famous painter, the one who painted time. His picture “La persistencia de la memoria“ shows four melting pocket watches arranged in the Catalan landscape in front of the craggy rocks of Cap de Creus. A fly sits on one watch, symbolising how time flies. Another is eaten away by ants, symbolic of transience and decay.

The box shall paint Dali. It would not be sufficient to put all the paintings of Dali in. The box would not understand Dali. If we would have seen in our life only paintings of Dali, we would not find out what makes a Dali into a Dali. This said, how shall a box make it with so little data? Therefore, I put all the paintings of the world in the box so the box will know what time means. You see how smart I am? I ask the box: “Please, paint me time by Dali.” I get beautiful pictures. One with an antenna I select.

I ask my owl, Neruval, “I wonder about the antenna. What does Dali want to tell me by generating a



paint me time by Dali



communication device?" The owl cracks a nut. A sign of being annoyed? A sign that I don't deserve an answer? I know I will not be able to follow. I am a human and my brain is no longer the best. I am slowly fading. I can't paint any longer. To hold a brush, not possible. To open eyes also does not

work. I am blind. The box paints directly into my mind, my visual cortex area. I can hear. The human has a hearing bone where soundwaves can be directly transferred. The sounds I receive are feeling like a stream of cold water running down Crater Lake in Oregon. No ears are needed for

hearing. I know it and you can get proof. To get proof is so important to you. For me, it is no longer. I believe without proof. When I was swimming in the lake, I had a Shokz wireless bone conduction headphone that was fully-waterproof. Time gone. I swim no longer. The owl says, “Please, Art, one moment. I will run a diagnosis. The diagnoses will take less than four minutes.”

I hear a song via the bone implant I told you. I love the song. I send you the link and leave it to you to find out.

<https://youtu.be/3c2nTiN152I>

The owl is back. “You are on level 6.3 or a bit around it. I will adapt my explanation to this level.” I open eyes wide, you know I can’t but the owl sensors my emote and I say, “On 6.0 already?” The owl does not crack a nut. That’s a bad sign.

I know Neruval was lying. “Tell me the truth,” I command my AI. The owl does not answer. I say, “Am I on level 5 now?” The owl responds, “On a good 5.5, that’s not bad, you will understand.” I skip a comment. I stay silent. I could say, “How long?” but you know this is what someone asks when cancer is being diagnosed.

The owl starts to explain. “I can’t tell you why the antenna came up. You

have seen that the box has created in total nine pictures and you selected the one with the antenna. So, question would be why you selected this one?”

I understand what this is. A talk by a psychiatrist to give the question back to the one asking. I say, “Don’t tell me



bullsh*t. I ask for the antenna.” The owl cracks a nut, “Maybe you are on level 6.1, the Dali effect, and I should re-run the diagnosis.” After a moment, my owl spits it out, “It is AM Radio who carries the picture of time in his work and there the antenna comes from.” This answer makes me smile. I

turn my head and focus on the box. Of course, you know that I can't turn my head, but I can focus on the box.

"Oh," I say, "That's a new one. The logo looks different." The owl says, "Brand new, but the Dali request was given to the old one, the Craiyon." I



remember. I say, "That was DALL-E in my good times." The owl, "Yes and no. There was a bit of a development. It is a good sign that you remember" and the owl shuffles its wings, a sound I can hear, "I will start now the new AI. This machine does what you predicted. It paints out of text, but in a

way that beauty is conserved." I repeat, "Beauty is conserved." That was indeed my dream, that surrealism goes beauty.

The owl asks, "Community picture or private?" and before I can ask what the difference is, "For private I have to pay and no other will see the result, only you. The default is community, but then everyone can copy and do whatever is possible." I need to think for a moment, "That's Woodstock. Free love?" The owl laughs. Yes, that's a sound I once created, a sound file of the laughing owl AI.

"The default is not bad," I continue, "The parser will still know that I was the first with the text string." The owl cracks a nut and does not say a word. "What's wrong?" I ask. Neruval replies, "I have already used the free trials. The application runs on a freemium". I sigh. "I was sleeping, sorry." The owl, "No, the freemium is not time-based. The free trial depends on the prompts one has made." And after a moment, "I used them all." I can't believe what Neruval says, "You could not wait until I woke up?" The owl, "I was testing and forgot on this."

Such a brutal lie, I never heard from an AI. I say, embarrassed, "The only reason you did it was to get allowance to hack it. Don't play dumb." I click on the box, I see the message. "You did it

on my Discord channel Art Blue? Why did you not create a fake one?" The owl does not answer. It must be on a reason. I check my email. "Ah, you sent email to press@midjourney.com and told them my age!"

This I say even more embarrassed than before. The owl, "But I added your experience, that you are the grandfather of Text to Paint." I growl. "I am the father of Text 2 Paint. I have only reserved this domain and made a logo for it. It connects the words Text and Paint by a curve. The TextToPaint domain I did not claim in my lifetime." Instantly, I notice the glitch some readers might grab. "I mean when I was fully human." But this only makes it worse.

"Relax, Art. I claimed also TextToPaint.com, so you are safe. Let's wait to hear what David Holz will say. I told him that you write beautiful stories on a level 10." I must have misheard, "Level 10 is beyond humans. Only Dante ever reached a 9.8, and Kafka." The owl: "I recoded the box. It creates now text that fills the human mind on a level of 10.

Shall I start a sample so you can see for yourself how your future stories will sound?" I am close to exhaustion, so I nod and like in the good old times when I could not wait, I clicked the box. The box opens and words come

out. A beautiful voice speaks the text that was long forgotten but now emanates in the visual cortex of every reader, creating pictures boldly that no man has ever seen in the Grammaverse.



"In that book which is my memory, On the first page of the chapter that is the day when I first met you, Appear the words, 'Here begins a new life.'"

I think of Dante. I think of Dali. That's a level 10.

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



No Place For Secrets

Cat Boccaccio



“There is no place for secrets here.”

That’s what he used to say, almost every prayer session, sometimes softly like a nurturing father, sometimes with spittle at

the corner of his mouth, furious and shouting. It got so that the phrase had no meaning at all.

We weren't sure what secrets were anymore. He mostly told us what to think about, and there seemed to be eyes upon us all the time; if not him, or some of the others, then our own eyes, upon ourselves.

He told us to think about what life means, and what it would mean without him to guide us. What if we were abandoned by him, and left to fend for ourselves up there? We trembled when we thought about it. He said we would be eaten alive up there, and we realized he meant it figuratively, but it seemed terrifying all the same.

When we looked in the mirror we saw faces without sunshine, from without or from within.

"There is no place for secrets here." We were to confess our wayward thoughts to him. Shine the light of day on those thoughts and make them scurry like cockroaches back into the darkness. We didn't know what the light of day looked like or felt like. We had forgotten. We confessed that wayward thought to him and he grew angry. "Up there, you would be lost. What good is the light if your souls are lost? Think about that."

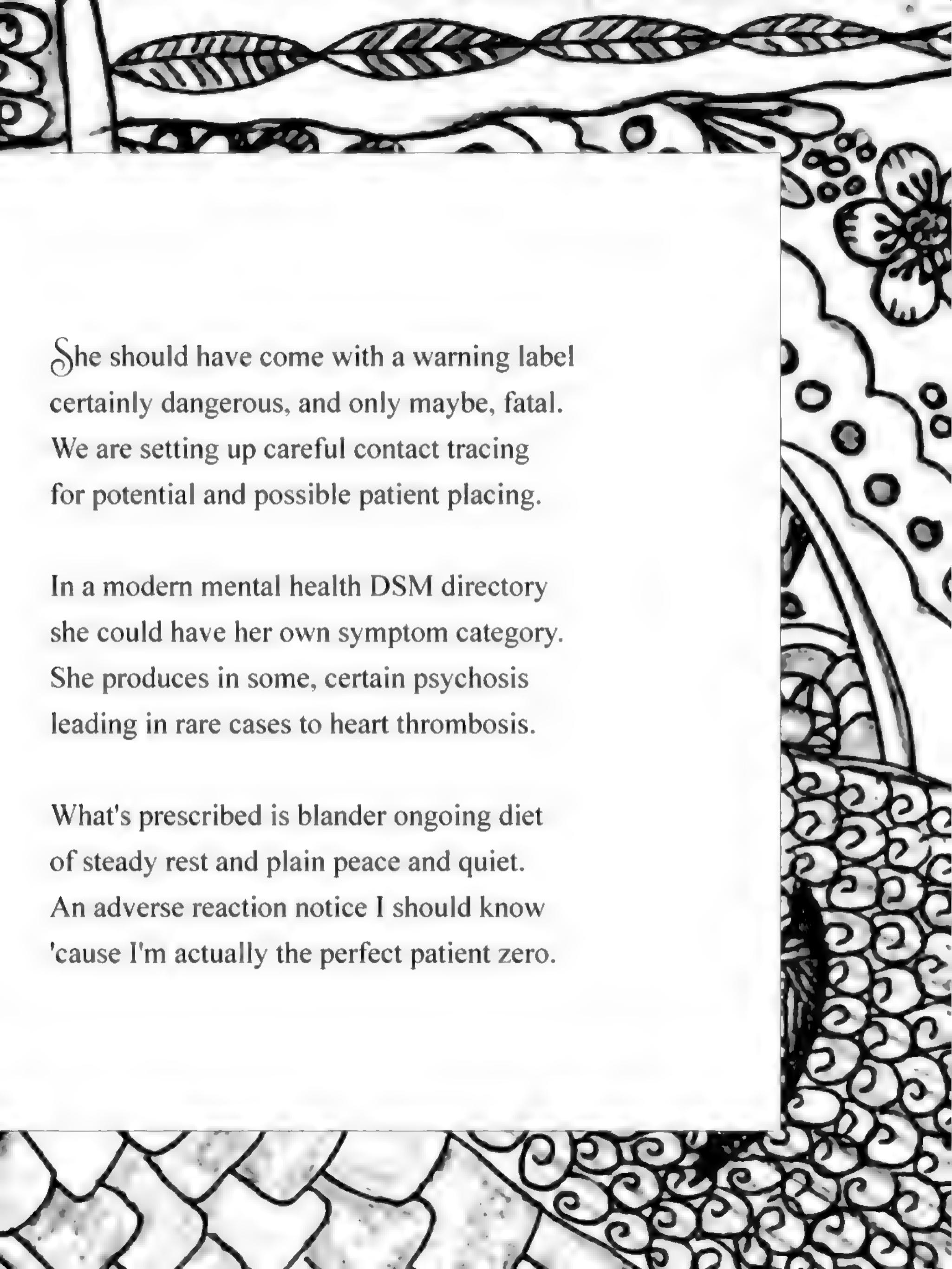
And we did. We thought about life, about life without him, about how we would be eaten alive up there, about soulless lives, about how there is no place for secrets.

So, we rolled him into a blanket, and shoved him out the door. He was right, the light was frightening. It hurt our eyes. We closed and sealed the door, and he began pounding on it. He was shouting something too, but his voice was muffled and we couldn't make out the words.

We didn't have to hold secret our thought, not any more. It was finally out. And he was right. The world is a better place without secrets.

DISCLAIMER

By RoseDrop Rust



She should have come with a warning label
certainly dangerous, and only maybe, fatal.
We are setting up careful contact tracing
for potential and possible patient placing.

In a modern mental health DSM directory
she could have her own symptom category.
She produces in some, certain psychosis
leading in rare cases to heart thrombosis.

What's prescribed is blander ongoing diet
of steady rest and plain peace and quiet.
An adverse reaction notice I should know
'cause I'm actually the perfect patient zero.



A photograph of a man with short brown hair, wearing a dark button-down shirt, standing in front of a large window. Behind him is a vibrant mural featuring a rainbow-colored fish and a person's face. The background is a brick wall with some foliage visible through the window.

Killingfish

Anti Blue



This article is LGBT+ approved.

Isit in my office, enjoying my fish. A fish has no gender. I am safe. Last time when I was writing about God and Monsters, the Divine Feminine Movement told me that to use Goddess is politically incorrect. It looks like the name comes from God, like God has created them. So, I enjoy now my fish. No, that does not fit for a story. I enjoy my latte when the door opens and Killingfish comes in. I call my student Fish as my office is a war-free zone. It will be the last day of Fish in this world. Fish will go Frame. Fish has earned it. Usually users go in and out, but Fish will stay. Let me show you first the usual. A story always shall start realistically. This Jami tells me, "My magazine is made for the user."

<https://youtu.be/RUZrHGVgdl4>

Listen to *In and Out* by Veni Vici. Veni vici stands for the user path. You never heard veni vici? Have you heard of Veni, vidi, vici? That is quite close even some Latin experts will not agree. The short version stands for getting drunk when traveling and the last for Caesar's victory at the Battle of Telnaria. Telnaria is the rebuilt land of Zela (you may know it under the new name Zile). I say this just so you stay on the ground in case you know too much. Other readers, more the type of

a digger, might ask, "What was Caesar doing there in the middle of Turkey? Was he not made to rule Rome and Rome is in Italy, right?" A great emperor is a great emperor and history is always on the side of the winner. The winner takes it all. Do I need to



play the song? I guess not and I can go back to Fish.

When Fish once asked for a grant, I was sceptical if a fish can make it. The standards working for me are quite high. Fish was wearing a fishnet,

which is not unusual in our times. I have seen worse for sure, but Fish had a Malyuk in hand and pointed it at me. I was shocked when the fish suddenly spoke. You know a fish does not speak but this one did and still does, in fact speaks a lot. First words of Fish has



been. "IF war THEN famous ELSE art." I did not catch it in the moment. You must know a Malyuk is not a fishing rod, it is a modernised Kalashnikov rifle, known also as Vulcan-M. The owl sitting on my shoulder, you know that's my AI, gave

me the data: Rate of fire 660 rounds per minute and a 500-meter range. This is quite meaningless when you look into the eye of a gun muzzle, but an AI sticks first of all to data. I said quite horrified, "Don't shoot the frame." Fish must have been impressed. "I apply," Fish said and handed me a dossier. Best in class, best in hack, best in framing. I read the UUID: a93432cd-86bf-4ce9-baf7-d02093669c47.

That stands for Killingfish. My owl teleminted me the findings, "Facial Landmark detection at Kaggle." I said, "One moment" as something you have to say when the terminator stands in front of you and you have to decide. "'To pass or not to pass,' that's the question." The phrase comes quite close to an application for a trip to Dante's Hell or was it Shakespeare? I opened Chrome, the browser you know, I entered kaggle.com/killingfish and the code viewer started. I went pale. In fact, I can't go pale. I go blue, but I suppress going blue. It does not look good when reality hits you and you are the creator of the Frameverse. Don't google for it, Frameverse is a wedding agency. My Metaversum is the Web and inside frames are running.

Killingfish dropped the riffle and placed the German version of Backlinks to HWF on the table, then saying words which really took all my

concerns down, “I work for free. Just eggs.”

“Ah, ... you create Easter eggs and you plant them in landmarks,” I said, my brain now speeding up like in times of the good old river running down Crater Lake of Oregon, the famous bitcoin quote from *The Sand Bible* you surely know. “All clear now you need my customer base,” I said, “That FORTRAN algorithm is in my book about HWF, the IF – THEN – ELSE clause for rocketeers.” My owl cracked a nut as a formal agreement sending the papers to Killingfish at Kaggle.

We did not know the future at this time, when the contract was signed on September 3, 2022. Who knows the future? All the simulations done, all the well-balanced arguments we put in at this time. Extending the code launch even with concerns about the climate. We could not see what will come. After the first Afterlife Developer’s conference, where Sim Bainbridge spoke about Personality Capture and Emulation, we built The Frame. Sadly, this word showed up as being poor for marketing even though it better describes for everyone what we built in the following years. The Frame stays but the picture inside changes. “You can change the world, but not The Frame.” This saying comes closer to the level we are now. We keep the

worlds stable. We are many. We are Legion. We are the servers where you stay hosted inside. When you have your fun, then we have the work. Capture this!

<https://youtu.be/1Iy3nStvIKY>



≡ **kaggle**

+ Create

Home

Competitions

Datasets

Code

Discussions



Believe me, the work inside the servers can be hard and on top it is on a daily basis quite boring. When life is long, no matter how good it is, boredom is really a killer. God sent his son when heaven became boring. You understand? Maybe it is too much of a cryptic talk. He wanted the fun and

created an ALT with all the knowledge of God inside. Now you got it, because you have an ALT where you pretend to be innocent, right? My story, *The ALTeriate Wedding*, published in April 2020, showed you all the tricks. In the meantime, you might have done some research on Killingfish and you found

[aggle.com/killingfish](https://kaggle.com/killingfish)

killingfish

Joined 3 years ago



out that Killingfish is a duck. Does it ring a bell? The village in France? The elections? Parti Animaliste? Sadly, the story didn't make it on the cover of *rez Magazine* so you need now to google it. You smell that in the duck runs fishing code and you are right. You also found out that BlaBlaBla, the

Russian hacker the FBI is searching for, is behind it. Regular readers of *rez Magazine* know the full story. BlaBlaBla was turned into a counterspy and changed his name to Killingfish. If I would give you the BlaBlaBla key you could finalize the Genesis-Block in no time. Then the genealogy of this Ident-Unit would be seen in a blockchain. You may compare it with a table of ancestors some humans are proud of to show. It's all in the July issue of *rez Magazine* and to read, how it came that the world is how the world is, is really not too much to ask for. Killingfish made it work that The Frame is running on a crypto-chain that is developed by machine learning. The question is if I shall copy historic data from Kaggle or leave it to you to imagine the future by sneaking into the AI Lab of Google.

Competitions

Competitions about Life, the Universe and Everything are no longer between humans, they are between machines, they are between worlds. Never heard of competitions in machine learning? Time to speed up. Hello, how shall machines learn if there is no competition? To compete with a human makes no sense. You surely don't teach your dog Swahili so your dog can lift up and join Facebook? You say that I am drunk? Just a minute and you'll see that these are the words

of Senator Kennedy.

I shall tell you how this all began, how the war in the Metaversum started. For the ones who need a break I have two options. You can listen to a song to clean and refresh your brain or dive into the world of Kaggle.

There comes the song We Come On by Faithless

<https://youtu.be/65EfTFUFDwI>

and here is some input for the machine thinkers. Let's take Tensor Processing Units

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tensor_Processing_Unit

shown by Kaggle

<https://youtu.be/gO1L6BZ3tg0>

Login

For a world you need a login, right? Instantly you think of the user, right? The login credentials. You are so used to this that you don't think about the ones who built, created and control the world you are entering. At the beginning, we called them Gods. You may object to this term and say Admins instead. But Admins are smart, smarter than you, right? You are a user. You have user rights. The others have Admin rights, right? They activate these rights by entering God mode. When you enter CRTRL+Alt-Del, you get a message: "God powers denied." Admins don't face such a

denial. They get: "Entering God mode." You ask, "Can they do what they want?" I could say that I am not God, but you expect from me more as to be a user, right? So, I say, "It depends," knowing this answer will not satisfy you. I could hand you over a 50-page long document, where it is all



listed what The Frame means. Don't ask me where to find this document. I would need to pull it out from the future. By doing so you would know that I am God. Remember Jesus. He never stated that he is. Time to bring you closer to reality. I slip in one of the

backup dancers. Not because I am Jesus, not because I am an Admin. Enjoy the moments and watch the video.

<https://youtu.be/VsN7E35LpJE>

Jami Mills told me that readers don't



need to know the future in detail. She asked me if I don't have something they can download in the now. I gave her the TOS of Second Life, the Terms of Service. You may know that this is a world based on user-created content, a world quite well known in the year

2022. They are, together with the embedded documents, like the Intellectual Property Infringement Notification Policy, printed in Times Roman 11 dot size, single spaced, over 50 pages long. Despite the length, they are an easy read. It can't be different because all inhabitants love Phil Rosedale, the founder of this world. Senator Kennedy requested the same doing from Mark Zuckerberg in a Congressional hearing. You may know I am a bit sceptical about the Meta. I told Mark that he should have done the big leap and jumped to the Grammaverse. "Skip the Meta," I told him, "In Hebrew Meta stands for Dead." I did not tell him of The Frame. My mother told me never to play all my cards. "I come in peace." Looks like the Senator is a mind reader. Listen to the Senate Hearing of April 2018:

KENNEDY: Mr. Zuckerberg, I come in peace. (LAUGHTER)

I — I don't want to vote to have to regulate Facebook, but by God I will. That — a lot of that depends on you. I'm a little disappointed in this hearing today. I just don't feel like that we're connecting. So — so let me try to lay it out for you from my point of view. I think you are a really smart guy. And I think you have built an extraordinary American company and you've done a lot of good. Some of the things that

you've been able to do are magical.

But our — our promised digital utopia we have discovered has minefields. There — there's some impurities in the Facebook punch bowl. And they've got to be fixed and I think you can fix them. Now here — here's what's going to happen. There are going to be a whole bunch of bills introduced to regulate Facebook. It's up to you whether they pass or not.

You can go back home, spend \$10 million on lobbyists and fight us or you can go back home and help us solve this problem and they're two. One is a privacy problem the other one is what I call a propaganda problem. Let's start with the privacy problem first. Let's start with the user agreement.

Here's what everybody's been trying to tell you today, and — and I say this gently. Your user agreement sucks.
(LAUGHTER)

You're — you — you can spot me 75 IQ points, if I can figure it out, you can figure it out. The purpose of that user agreement is to cover Facebook's rear end. It's not to inform your users about their rights.

KENNEDY: Now, you know that and I know that. I'm going to suggest to you that you go back home and rewrite it. And tell your \$1,200 an hour lawyers,

no disrespect. They're good. But — but tell them you want it written in English and non-Swahili, so the average American can understand it. That would be a start.

KENNEDY: Okay. Let me be sure I understand — I'm about out of time. Oh, it goes fast, doesn't it? Let me ask you one final question in my 12 seconds. Could somebody call you up and say, "I want to see John Kennedy's file"?

ZUCKERBERG: Absolutely not.

KENNEDY: Could you — if — not — not — could you — not would you do it. Could you do it?

ZUCKERBERG: In — in theory.

KENNEDY: Do you have the right to put my data, a name on my data and share it with somebody?

ZUCKERBERG: I do not believe we have the right to do that.

KENNEDY: Do you have the ability?

ZUCKERBERG: Senator, the data is in the system. So ...

KENNEDY: Do you have the ability?

ZUCKERBERG: Technically, I think someone could do that. But that would be a massive breach. So, we would never do that.

No Breach

Don't give me your data. No need. I have them. That's not a breach. That's the TOS of The Frame. The very best version of you I will PUT IN. FOR TONIGHT.

<https://youtu.be/1nZwz7VVek8>

That is the point where Fish left. Fish was PUT IN. Killingfish in The Frame will be the second instalment of my story to come.

Rewind

Jami took the link I gave her

<https://secondlife.com/app/tos/tos.php>

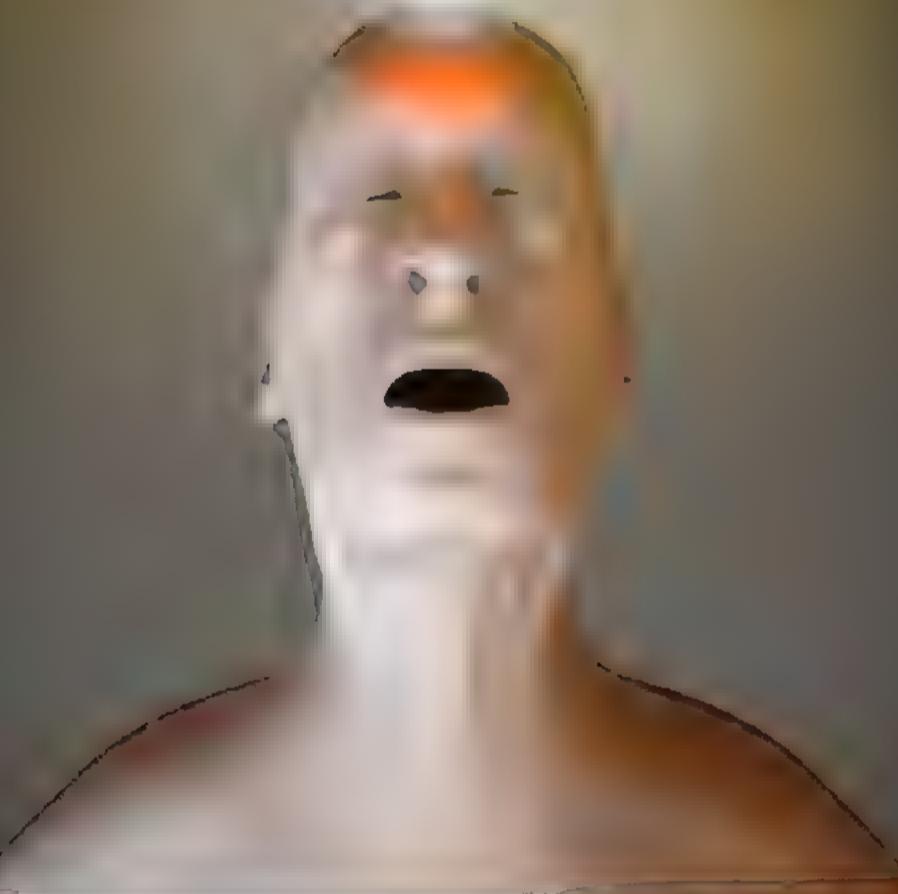
and I included all the embedded links inside as plain text. A few days later she said to me, “I read it all. In total it took me two hours to read and to condense all the 23,000 words and I am used to reading legal stuff, as you know. They can do a lot, but Art, you know what scares me?”

Even if I knew it, I said “No.” It is important to let a woman speak when she has to take word. “They can terminate me.” I nodded to her because I am aware of the Termination clause: “Linden Lab may suspend or terminate your Account at any time for any reason. In such event, Linden Lab shall have no further obligation or liability to you under this Agreement or otherwise, and you shall be entitled to no compensation or other payment, remedy, recourse or refund.” I said, “Jami, in the future you will not be aware of a termination. Second Life is not so bad. You always can call the Sponsor.” I did not say President. Sponsor is the right term in the future. “

You know where Phil Rosedale lives, for you it is just a six hour drive.”

She was not so happy to hear this. “That’s a lot of gasoline,” she said. She opened again the TOS and after a while she posted. You have to know at this time Second Life was mostly a chat world, “The uploaded pages of *rez Magazine* stay on me. And also, the photography I made over the years. I can download the full perm sculptures I got years ago.” I replied, “Not really, some rights are reversed.” Later, when the edited version of my article came back as a mock-up, I saw Jami changed my line to “some rights are reserved.” I said, “You have to state reversed. That is a term from Oniritti and describes the future. It means painting in the dark with vivid colours. It was created by Botho Strauss. I combined it with Sloterdijk. I don’t know what effect ran through her mind after I told her this, if she needed an Eraserhead, and also I don’t know how you grasp this, but that’s the future. TOS are not engraved in stone, the timer changes for and back, time is reversed engineered by the machines. This is all done for your safety. If you breach something in the future, it will be auto-corrected. This the average American understands, the one with the IQ of 75 as Senator Kennedy put himself in. What you do wrong will be automatically corrected. You rez a wrong texture? One you say, “Not

CAPTURE THIS



Again!" No problem, the right one is placed on the right side. You see your texture, others see a different one. Your animation sucks? Wrong pose? No longer an issue, the pose smoother does it. You use language not fitting for everyone standing around. That of course can't be allowed. Your social scoring is affected? Yeah, there is a fee for wrongdoers. You know it from parking your car in the wrong place. You can't pay the fee? No problem. The system checks your inventory. There is value in it. Hopefully you did

not do something really bad so your Signature head is confiscated and you have to go with a system head.

I lost a bit off track. Luckily, my owl gave me a wink. This story is about The Frame. Second Life is a world, a picture running in The Frame. I can't let you go unconnected to the world you are in. I come in peace.

• r — e — z •



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The SL Arts and Life Magazine

The Grey Light o

Laying in the grey light of dawn we
Laying in the softness still and warm
Stiff and tired the night was never
Exhausted and weak, in bed dawn

This is the new day as sleepy heavy
And where sleepy heavy limbs rest
Still and lifeless eyes stare upward
So why so weak, an absence of will

Then a stirring, not a bird, or a leaf
A longing to taste the succulence of
A stirring replaced with longing, a
The morning dew upon my lips a

And lick on lick a mere trickle of
And thighs now grip and hands do
Impossible at first but reality is a
Wakeful now she cries out, the birds
lingering night.

of Dawn by Rakshowes

where early birds dare, and dew glossed webs, a spider's pretty lair.
arm under grey light of dawn, our bodies damp and bare.
fair; oppressive and heavy to wrinkle our hair,
threatens to keep, while songs of birds prevent our sleep.

vy-lidded thoughts imagine things fleeting and impossible,
fuse to move, and those sleepy heavy thoughts ignore the possible.
ds while birds sing and carroon the new day, a sun teasing the clouds.
ill, a body so still, unable to climb; an impossibly steep hill.

lf upon the tree but a vital stirring deep within me.
of you, willing stiff limbs to position mine in thee.
a stiffness blessed, the cursed thrown, head down on bended knee.
stolen kiss, intimate play, the birds are left enjoying their day.

life starts to flood, vessels swell and fill with warming morning blood.
o grasp, breasts swell, and breaths now gasp.
thirst - I drink of her as she pours, I stiffen further at her taste.
rds now stilled in fright; and finally the startled morning chases off the

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